

MARVEL®  
29th June 91

# THE REAL

# GH~~O~~STBUSTERS™

Nº159 55p

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YOUR TIME  
HAS COME,  
ZEDMORE!



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29th June 91

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

YOUR TIME  
HAS COME,  
ZEDOMORE!



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By jingo, Winston Zeddmore has certainly gotten out of his depth in the latest action-packed, slime-filled edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** Who is this strange ferryman? Why is Winston in this cave? How did the boat get there? Where are you going to find all the answers? In this week's **Winston's Diary**, of course!

Now nobody could ever accuse Egon Spengler of being in the least bit backward, but Peter Venkman is beginning to wonder about all the other Ghostbusters in this issue's first frightening adventure, **The Reversal Wraith!**

The Counter Clock Criminals wreak more havoc for our ghost-busting gang when they unearth Captain Nemo's submarine *Nautilus* from a secret cave on the Californian coast, in the fifth fiendish instalment of **The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea!** It's a right hair-raising read all round!

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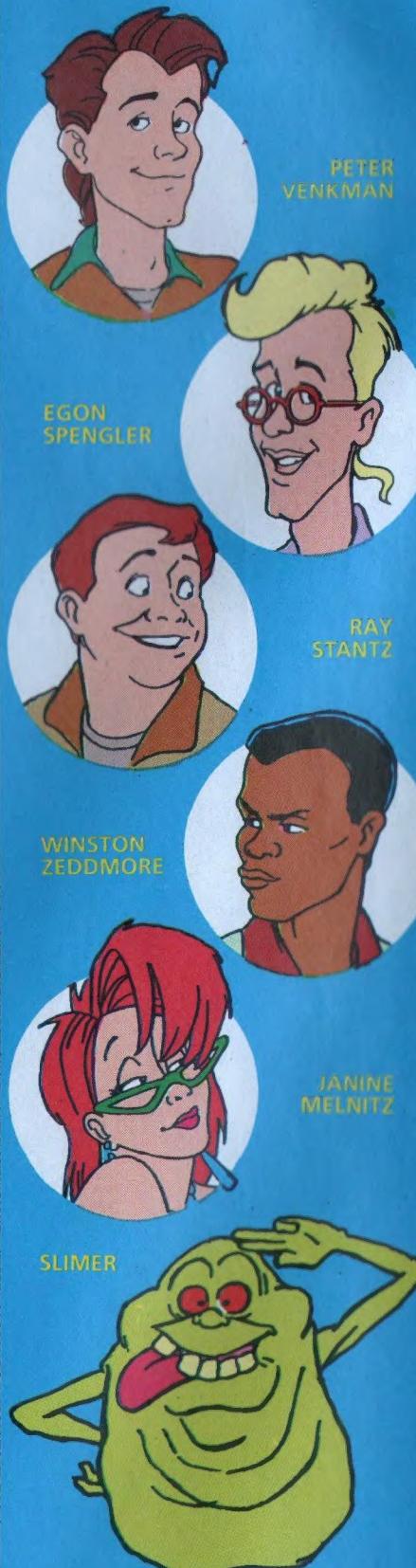
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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS  
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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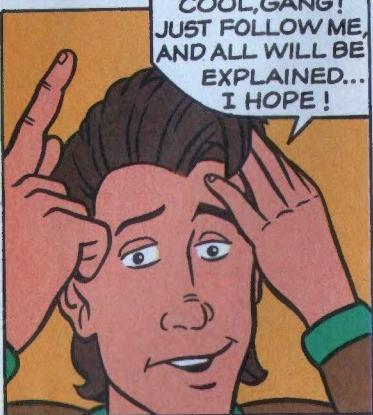
# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™





THE END...

THINK THIS IS A FUNNY PLACE FOR THE END OF A STORY? KEEP COOL, GANG! JUST FOLLOW ME, AND ALL WILL BE EXPLAINED... I HOPE!



HQ...

BOY, IT'S REAL PEACEFUL TODAY - AND YOURS TRULY HAS GOT SOME SERIOUS RELAXING TO DO!

ME-EY TOO-WOO!



SUDDENLY...

WELL DONE WINSTON!  
A GOOD CLEAN BUST!

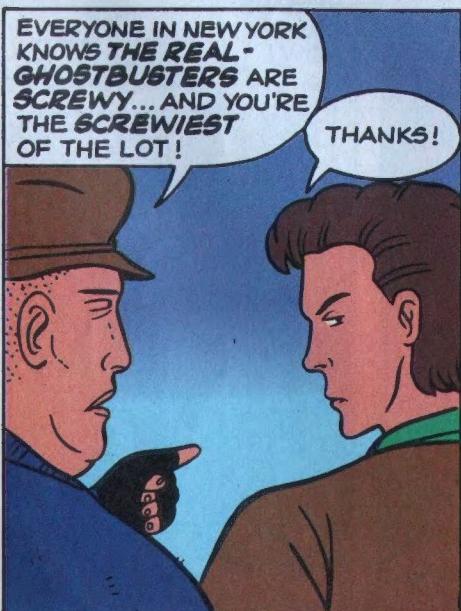
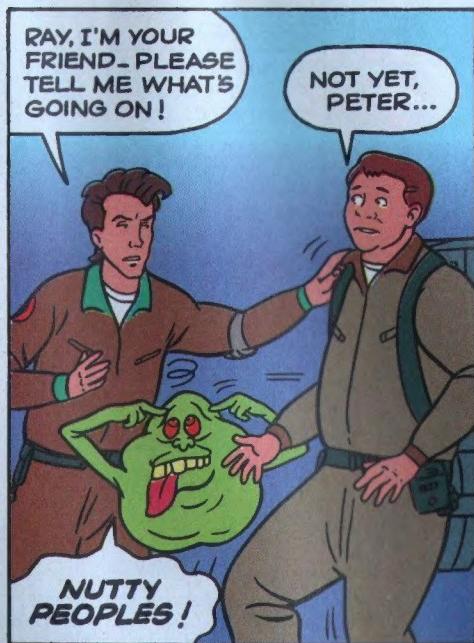
SURE, EGON!  
NO STAINS, NO WASTE,  
NO LINGERING  
ODOURS!

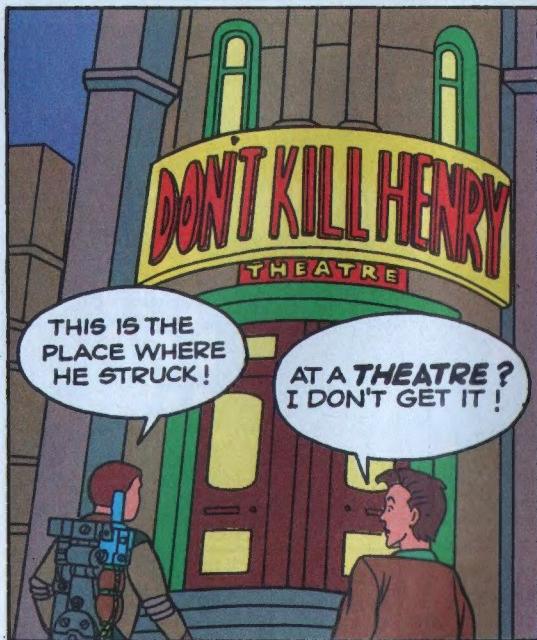


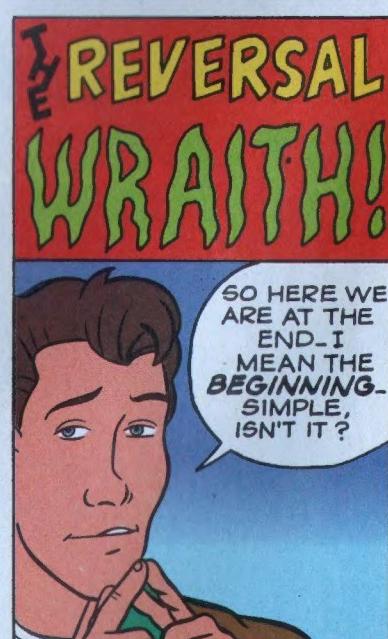
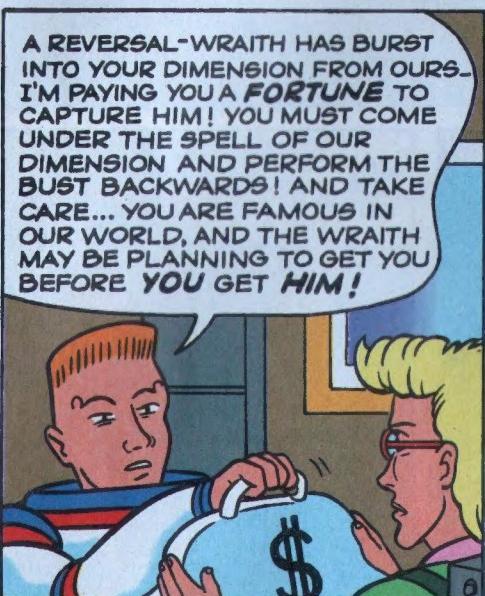
ERR... WHAT GHOST IS THIS, RAY?

NOT NOW,  
PETER!









Story GLENN DAKIN Art PHIL ELLIOTT and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering PAT PRENTICE Colouring STUART PLACE

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™**

# SPENGER'S SPIRIT GUIDE



According to Ancient Greek legend, the rocky and turbulent waters of the River Styx could cause injury even for the recently dead. You know of course, the old saying 'Styx and stones can break my bones...?'

The Ancient Erudlians also had a mythical river that separated the mortal world from the next. The water of this sacred river was apparently very good for making gravy, hence its name, the River Stockx. To get across the Erudlian river necessitated calling on Charing, the ferryman, to row you over. This so called 'Charing Cross' has also become part of our language.

Charing was apparently very unreliable. He'd put up his prices halfway across, or add VAT on the far shore. According to the Erudlians, the best thing was for a departed soul to get the price in writing before setting off, and then threaten Charing with his punt pole if he changed his mind. To his credit, Charing did have a good duty free shop on board.

The Necromantic Council of Erudlia, under the chairmanship of Horst the Bucholtz, decided in the year 768 BC to try and get round the Charing problem by constructing a ridge over the river Stockx. This failed, thanks mainly to

## PART 159

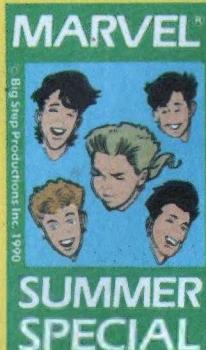
the inept architecture of Ptonsilitis the Elder, an Egyptian master builder. He was actually on the run from the Pharaoh Rhombus for building a pyramid upside down when he was hired by Horst. The Council soon decided on a Tunnel to run under the Stockx. Work was completed six centuries later after the planning permission problems were cleared up (Erudlian Elder Varoomf Kabash refused to allow his orchard garden to be turned into a chariot park), but no one was prepared for the basic problem an unregulated link with the Underworld would bring about. Within a month, holidaying ghouls from the Pits

of Archeron and the armpits of Gozer were swarming into Erudlia every weekend, getting into fights in the taverns, clearing out the shelves at the Hyperbazaar and driving their chariots on the wrong side of the road. Horst's descendant, Wiggy the Bucholtz, who was now in charge of the Council, took immediate action and set up a customs point on the mortal end of the tunnel, where passports had to be stamped and duty frees checked before anyone was admitted to Erudlia.

Wiggy himself manned the first shift at the customs office, and was there when Ponquadragor rode over for a weekend in Erudlia-on-Stockx. 'Have you anything to declare?' Wiggy asked him nervously. 'Yes,' replied the Tarot Demon with a pointy, toothy smile, 'I'm bigger than you.'

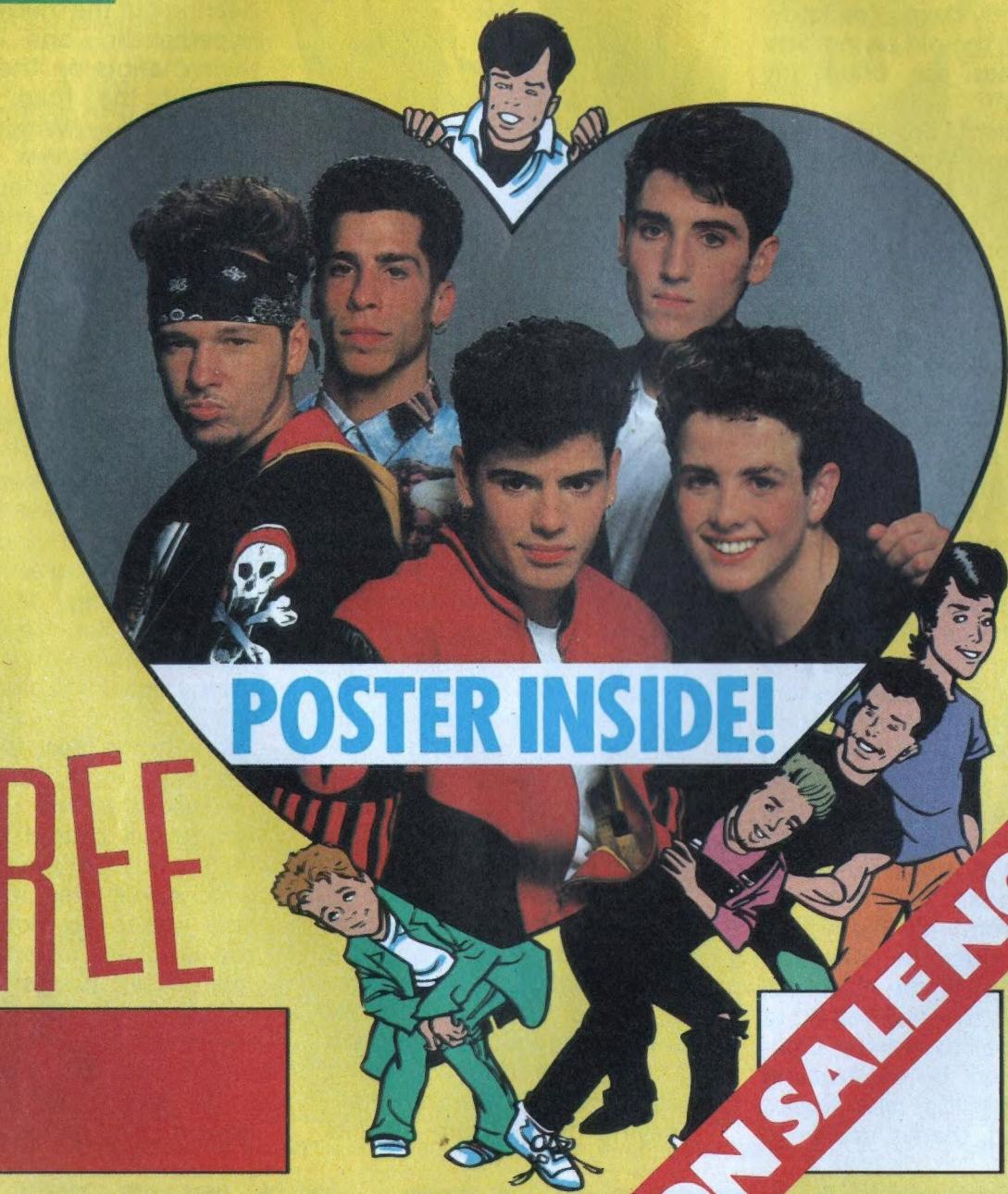
The customs idea, therefore, did not work, and it is believed that the unregulated tunnel caused some of the most massive inter-dimensional rips in history and lead to the downfall of the Erudlian nation. History relates that it was Varoomf Kabash who was amongst the last to go, sadly reminiscing about the days when there was a ferry at the bottom of his garden.

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# DEAD TRUE!

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Dare you read on?

  
In Bohemia in 1539 a baby was born to the aristocratic Rozmberk family. He was named Petr Vok, and as he was the sole heir to the family name and fortune, his parents hired a team of nannies to keep a watchful eye on him at all hours of the day and night.

One night, the nanny assigned to sleep in Petr's room awoke with a start. The whole room was glowing with moonlight, and the misty figure of a woman in white stood over the baby's cot.

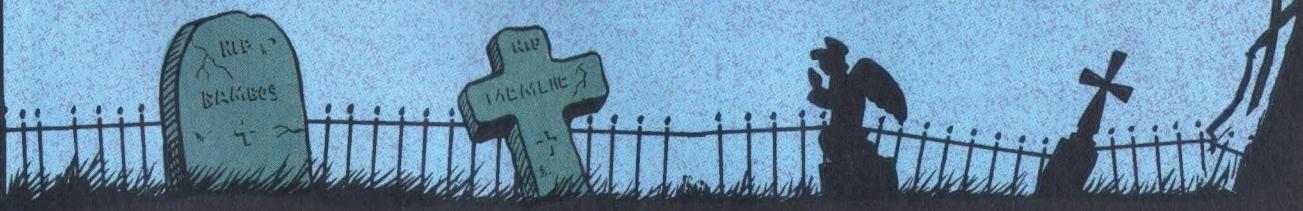
Suddenly, Petr started to cry. The figure gently lifted him up in her arms, kissed him and soothed him and carefully put him back in the cradle. Then the woman vanished into thin air! The terrified nanny rushed over to the cot to find Petr fast asleep, smiling peacefully.

The next night, the nanny persuaded one of the others to stay in the room with her. It was just after midnight when the lady in white made her appearance. She rocked the cradle, stroked the child and, when she seemed satisfied that all was well, she disappeared again. The nannies soon realised that the apparition meant no harm to the boy, and after a few nights they didn't even bother to stay awake and wait for her anymore. Years later, when Petr had grown up and inherited the castle, he became so fascinated by the tales of his ghostly guardian that he decided to investigate the walls of the room where he had slept as a baby, and where the woman in white had last been seen. A hole was made in the wall, and inside he found a secret hoard of coins, gems and

other treasure!

No one knows who the mysterious woman in white is, although there are several theories. Whoever she was, she has been sighted in many of the homes of the Bohemian aristocracy. She is described as looking like a woman of breeding, and she appears just before something either very happy or very sad happens.

At one castle some of the servants even talked to the sad looking woman, as they believed she was taking care of families to which she was related. She would appear to look after the children, warn the adults of danger, and prepare the dying for their last breath. Whoever she was, she was a caring, kindly soul – proof that spooks are not always something to be afraid of!



# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Monday, 24 June 1991

Took the weekend off and got out of the City. Ended up holidaying in the Stygian Depths along the banks of the River Styx. Think I'd better use a travel agent next time.

I went south to visit my cousin Celestine. Ol' Celes has been playing in jazz bands ever since I can remember, and can get a tune out of just about any instrument, plus a few household items given the chance. I remember one Christmas when he and I got a good few rousing choruses of 'When the Saints' out of two upturned pans, a bunch of bottles filled to varying depths with water, and a watering can . . . but I'm straying from the point. Celes's favourite instrument is the oboe, and I'm here to tell you that there's nothing more relaxing and atmospheric than sitting in a New Orleans bar late at night with a glass of Seltzer and listening to the reedy strains of his oboe warbling out the melody of 'Cry Me A River'. I sure was looking forward to the weekend.

Celes picked me up at the railway station early on Saturday morning, and drove me to his house in the hills for breakfast and a lazy day in the sun before heading into town for his evening engagement at the club in Bourbon Street.

'Do you think you could give me a hand while you're here?' Celes asked me as we sat on his back porch with a glass of iced tea looking up at the morning sun rising above the woods.

'Sure,' I said. On reflection, I should have answered 'Forget it', but at that early stage, I wasn't able to reflect.

It seemed there was this stream that ran down the back of Celes's property, a beautiful hillside stream of sparkling water that was my cousin's pride and joy. The stream rose higher up the hillside, and came down out of a cave. Celes told me the cave was another of his favourite spots. He'd sit in there and practise on his oboe, the cave acting as a perfect and soothing echo chamber for his music.

Last week, Celes told me, the stream had begun to run dry, and what water there was had become dirty and black. He figured that dead leaves and twigs at the

back of the cave were damming up the water, and he wanted me to help clear it and restore the stream to its usual beauty. We hiked up there through the woods in the mid-morning sun. Celes brought his oboe so that he could play a tune or two in the cave when the job was done.

We came to the stream a few yards from the cave mouth. It sure looked like someone had poured soot into the water. We entered the cool darkness of the cave and trudged to the back. Luckily, Celes had brought a torch too.

'It's a big cave . . .' I remarked.

'Yeah,' said my cousin. 'In fact, I didn't know it was this big. I've never been this deep into it before.'

We were now well out of the sunlight, and it was damp and chilly.

'Any sign of any twigs or leaves?' I asked.

'I can't even see the stream anymore,' said Celes uncertainly.



'Me neither,' I agreed. It was so dark, I couldn't make out much at all. It seemed, though, that the cave around us was getting bigger and bigger by the minute.

'What's this?' Celes asked, suddenly, the torch beam dancing in front of us.

'What's what?' I asked.

WWHHHOOOAAAHHAAOOOOO — KERSPLASSHHH! answered Celes . . . at least that's what I thought he said.

'Do you think you could repeat that?' I asked, then felt the ground crumbling

under my feet. 'Don't bother' I said, adding  
WWHHHOOOAAAWHHAAOOOOO —  
KERSPLASSHHH!

I floundered about in deep, dark water for a short moment, and then managed to struggle up a beach of sorts. Celes, soaked through, was sprawled next to me on the sooty ground. The first thing I noticed was the fact that the place had gotten light again. We were in a huge cavern, lit by a pale unearthly glow. The rocks and the beach shore were dark like volcanic lava. Through the middle of the cavern ran a wide, black river of ominous proportions, which disappeared from sight on either side.



'That's ominous . . .' remarked Celes.  
'What, the proportions?' I asked.  
'No, just the river in general.'  
'I know what you mean,' I said.  
It was about then that the barge hove into view, a long, ancient boat, poled along by a towering and decayed figure at the stern. The boat nudged up against the shingle at our feet. The figure leaned towards us.  
'I don't remember taking you across,' it said.  
'From the other side, you mean?' I asked.  
'No, well, we swam actually.'  
'Swam?' said the figure. 'That's most irregular. I'm meant to take everyone across. That's my job. How else am I expected to make an honest wage?'  
'What's going on?' Celes asked me in a

whisper.

'Well,' I whispered back, 'this is just a theory, you understand. What do you reckon your stream has stopped flowing because it's leaking through to some other waterway, i.e. this one which is actually the River Styx, the mythical river that forms a boundary between the mortal world and the underworld. That man is Charon, the ferryman, whose job it is to take the souls of the departed across the Hades, and we're actually on the wrong bank, i.e. this one, i.e. the Underworld side?'

'I don't believe you,' said Celes.

'Well, it was only a theory,' I replied.

'Do you mean to say that we're dead?'

'Only on a technicality. We're on the wrong side. We have to get back across. I say . . .' I said, raising my voice. 'Mr Charon? Do you think you could get us across to the other side again?'

'Well, that's most irregular too! You'd be going the wrong way then, for goodness sake. And then there's the matter of payment . . .'

'How much do you charge? Do you take credit cards?' I asked.

'No. And none of that new-fangled dollar or pound stuff either. If you're going to die, at least make sure you've got the right currency with you. I only accept proper greek coinage. The fare is one obu.'

'So,' I said, 'who pays the ferryman?'

'Did he say 'oboe?'' asked Celes.

We never did get the matter of the stream sorted out, but Celes said he could live without the babbling brook if it actually meant living. I don't think I'll forget the look on Charon's face as he poled us ashore.

At the Bourbon Street club that night, Celes played 'Old Man River'. On the clarinet, of course.



# SORORITY SPOOK

The Real Ghostbusters had fallen on hard times – they were just getting too professional for their own good and they were running out of spooks to bust.

Faithful old Slimer overheard this and thought that he'd haunt the local university halls to give his friends some work.

The Ghostbusters turned up and soon realised what the ol' spud had done. They decided to capture their pet ghost before anyone discovered the truth, but it wasn't long before the girl students were running from

a Class two Multi-eyed Half-torso Apparition.

This particular vaporous visitor had been awoken from his sleep of the dead by the sudden activity and the presence of Slimer. It had a brief taste of freedom and then the Ghostbusters confined him to the Ecto-Containment Unit. Another spook spoken for!



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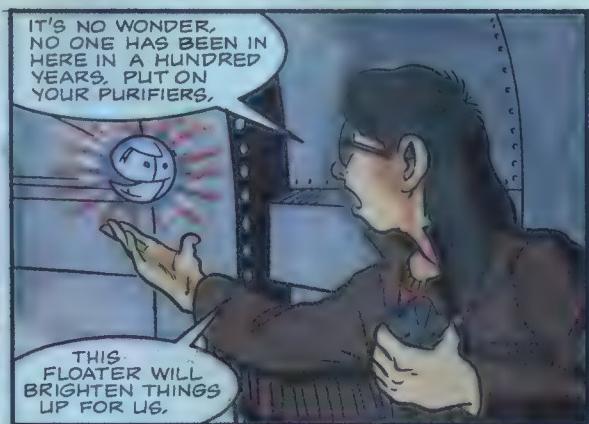
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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Five: While The Real Ghostbusters are finding their way back from a parallel world, the Counter Clock Criminals are unearthing the Nautilus . . .





THE SPACE-NUTS OUTSIDE HAVE FIGURED OUT WE GOT IN HERE-- AND THEY'RE PRETTY EXCITED.

WE'VE ADMIRED THIS PRIMITIVE CONSTRUCTION LONG ENOUGH. LET'S CHECK THE POWER SOURCE. IT'S BACK THE OTHER WAY.



A POWER CRYSTAL! NO WONDER IT'S STILL OPERATING!

THOSE ARE SO RARE YOU'RE LUCKY TO FIND ONE IN AN ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM. NEMO MUST HAVE PERCEIVED ITS VALUE AS AN INEXHAUSTIBLE ENERGY COLLECTOR AND STORAGE BATTERY.

BUT THIS DOESN'T EXIST ON THE EARTH OF OUR TIME, UNLESS THE GOVERNMENT HAD SEIZED IT.

NO, IF THEY HAD I WOULD HAVE LEARNED ABOUT IT. WELL PUZZLE THAT OUT LATER.

PREPARATIONS ARE MADE TO EXPAND THE SIZE OF THE TRANSPORT FIELD AS THE SIMPLEST METHOD FOR ACQUIRING THE CRYSTAL.

ALL RIGHT, THE COORDINATES HAVE BEEN KEYED IN. I'M ACTIVATING THE FIELD IN FIVE SECONDS. PREPARE FOR SHIFTING... NOW!



THEY'RE SPACE BROTHERS AND THEY NEVER SAID A WORD! THEY MUST NOT HAVE RECOGNIZED ME! MORE SPARKLERS! MY SPARKLERS ARE GOING OUT!!

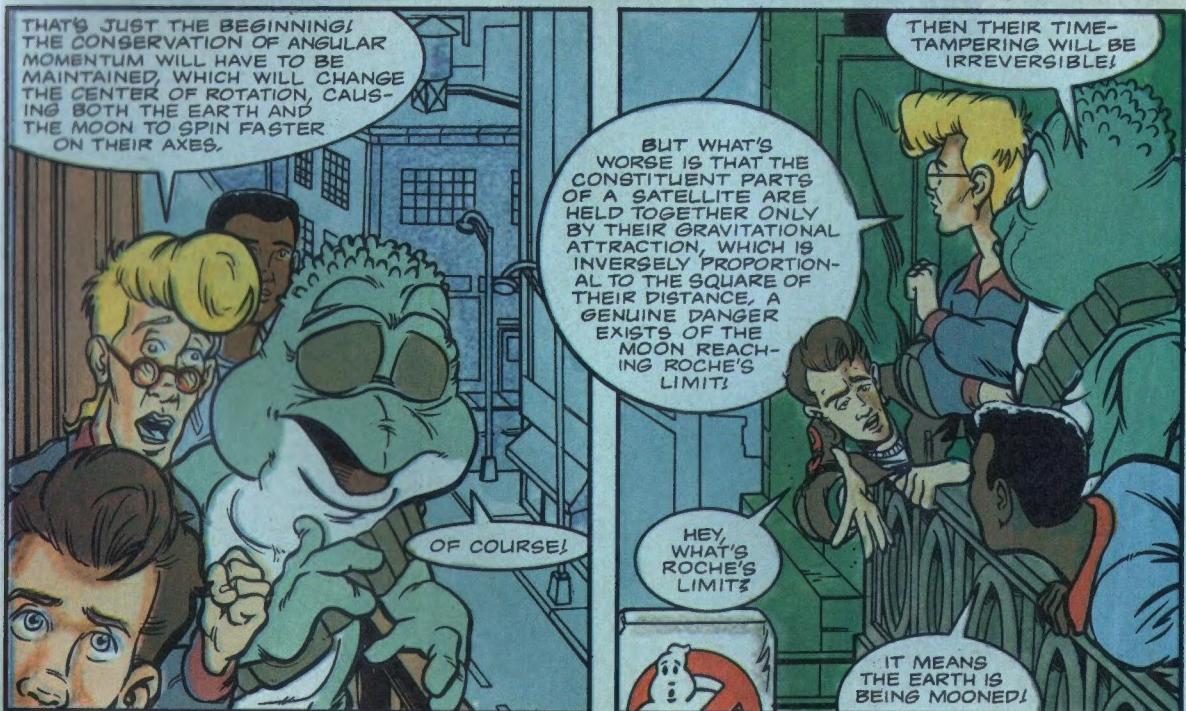
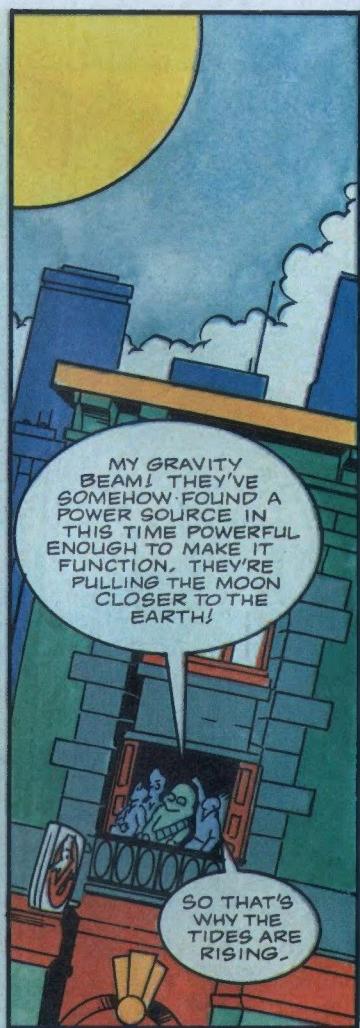
NO! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE ME WITH YOU! IT'S ALL I'VE LIVED FOR!

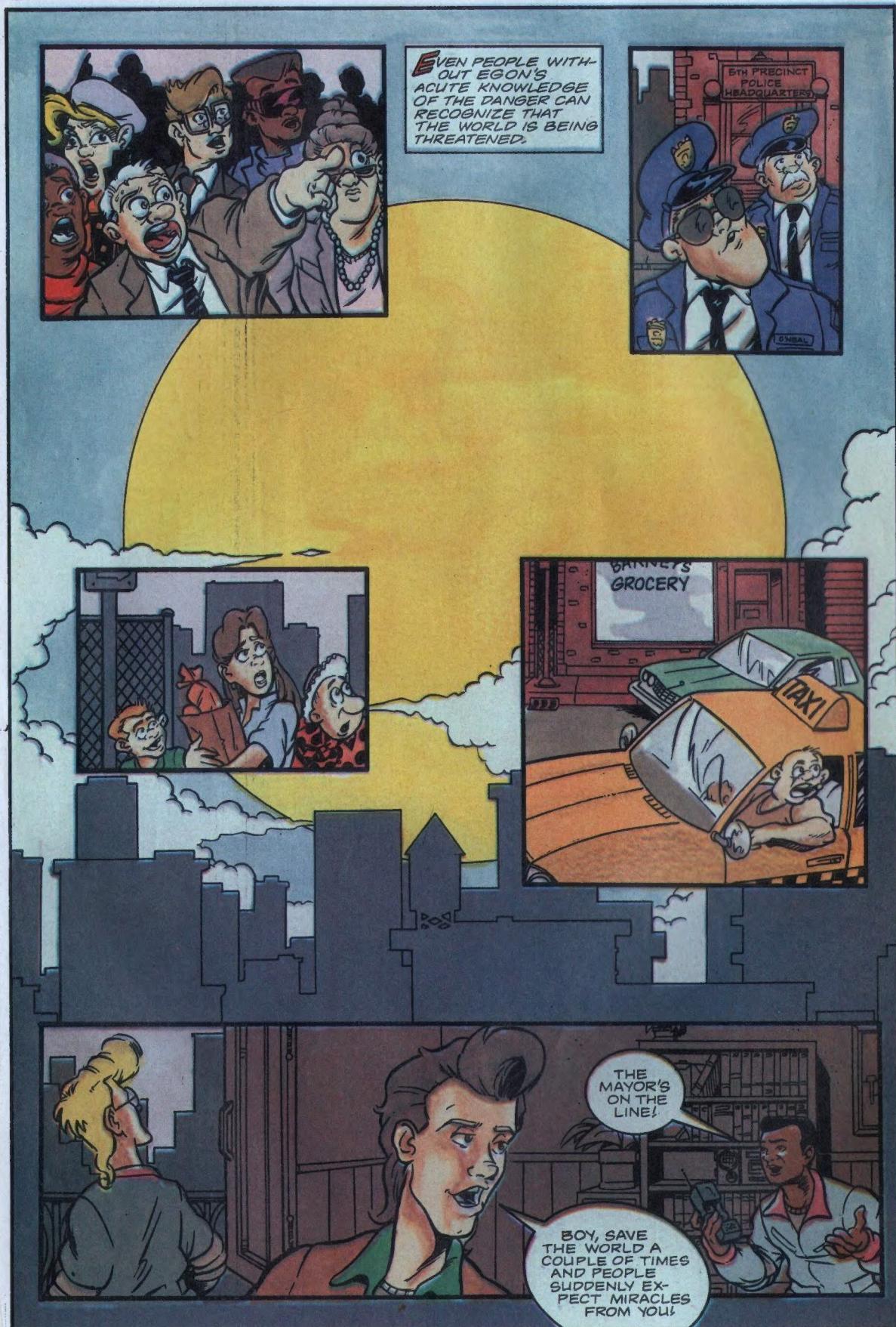


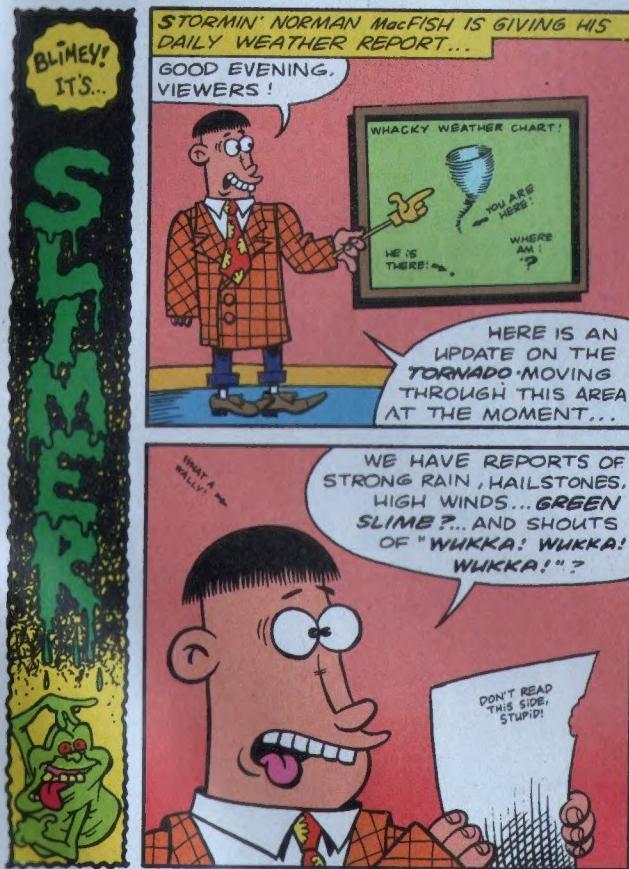












# STAMPING OUT CRIME

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PHARAOH NUZZ



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